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Child Of Sithis



8 0 1

Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Silvanus awoke to the sounds of slow, quiet talking. He could smell horses; he could hear them trotting away. His head ached. His legs ached. His entire body ached.

He let out a feeble moan, and slid down the cart bench a few inches, onto the floor. He let his head rest on the bench, in too much pain to care if he looked ridiculous.

"So, your finally awake," a gruff but friendly voice met his ears. Lazily, the youth opened both heavily-lidded eyes, and gave the rough Nord in front of him a lazy smile. "I thought you'd never wake up. Thought they'd have put you to the block in your sleep."

"They'd do that?" another voice came to Silvanus' ear. Sensing that he would not be allowed anymore peace, he sighed, and sat up on the crudely made bench. "Seriously, would they put you on the block as you slept? So, you'd wake up in Sovngarde?" The other two laughed at him, and turned back to Silvanus with knowing grin. Silvanus put his head in his hands, his floppy, too long white hair clenched in his fists.

"Show some courage in death, horse-theif. And you" he turned to Silvanus.

"Why are you here, eh? You look to young to be a stormcloak"

"I'm Rolaf. What do they call you?"

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"Silvanus, Silvanus Copper..."

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